

In a Rye-field, where oft she sung,
 A Lark took lodging for her young;
 But saw with sorrow and surprise,
 It ripe, 'ere they could skim the skies.
 In this distress—my chicks, said she,
 Whene'er abroad for food ye flee,
 The news you hear to me relate,
 That we may ward the strokes of fate.
 Next morn, the farmer and his son,
 About the fields their walk begun;
 Sure, quoth the man, this grain is grown
 Too ripe, and should, ere this, be down.
 To-morrow, boy, before the dawn,
 Hither let all our friends be drawn.
 Home hie in haste the tim'rous brood
 The dreadful tale proclaim aloud;
 The Parent Bird unfrighted hears,
 And thus her Offspring frees from fears.

"Children, said she, go take your rest,
 "Safe, for to-morrow, stands the nest;
 "His harvest work he long attends,
 "Who leaves the labour to his friends."

Next morn abroad her young ones go,
 More food to get, more news to know:

At

At length the farmer hobbles by,
 To see his friends cut down the rye;
 But sees he came,—alas! too soon:
 Though the high sun proclaim'd it noon;
 Our friends, quoth he, with looks demure,
 Of late, are wond'rous lazy sure;
 Well, we'll our kindred's good-will try,
 To-morrow they shall cut the rye.
 The Larks thought now all past relief,
 And seek their nest and tell their grief.
 "Peace, quoth the mother, yet you're safe,
 "And at to-morrow's work may laugh."
 At break of day, the clownish pair,
 As usual, to the fields repair!
 Untouch'd they saw the rye still stand,
 And not a cousin near at hand.
 Well,—quoth the fire,—the ties of blood
 And friendship I've ill understood;
 Uncut see yonder stands the corn!
 Men only for themselves are born;
 To-morrow, ere the sun you see,
 Two sickles bring for you and me;
 Our friends and kindred long may stay,
 Let us the harvest bear away.

When